

## **Stoncy in the Woods** by **Harry Truman Wilson**

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**Summary:** At a Wheeler cousin's cabin in the woods for a week, Steve, Jonathan and Nancy discover they have feelings for each other they never would have guessed. Stoncy one-shot, excerpts from Stranger Things in a Cabin in the Woods, M because...you know...

## Stoncy in the Woods

### Stoncy in the Woods

Hey, so, this is a long one-shot Stoncy made from sections of my longer story, Stranger Things in a Cabin in the Woods. It's all from Jonathan's perspective, and it's a little disjointed because it cuts from a longer story, but I hope you enjoy!

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Preface: A Wheeler cousin invited the Hawkins family to stay in a lakehouse for 10 for a week in the summer after season 2. Mrs. Wheeler invited the Byers family, and Nancy decided to invite Steve as well. Meanwhile, Jonathan and Nancy broke up in the months after Season 2 for undisclosed reasons, though Steve and Nancy remained friendly.

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Jonathan picked up another plate and handed it to Nancy, who took it gingerly and scrubbed it over the sink. His mother was with Mrs. Wheeler, talking excitedly about the trip, while Mr. Wheeler's snoring was barely audible through the chatter of the ladies. Mike and Will were downstairs, probably debating how they were going to pick which of their friends would go with them. And Jonathan? Jonathan was helping Nancy clean up from their meal. A month ago, he wouldn't have switched spending a week with Nancy for anything. Now, he wanted to be anywhere else.

"Hand me that spoon. And can you get a bin from that drawer for leftovers..." Nancy asked, wiping her brow with her sleeve. She was acting like nothing was wrong. Like there wasn't going to be a problem with them being together at a Lakeside house for a week. And she was doing a lot better job at pretending than Jonathan.

"Wh...wh...which drawer?" Jonathan asked, going the opposite way Nancy was pointing.

"That one! The one to your right, up...up there. And hand me the spoon..." Nancy grumbled. There was a harshness under her tone, and Jonathan felt like he was messing up their relationship all over

again. Jonathan hurried to obey, then quietly dried two more plates before Nancy spoke again.

"Since we're going to do this Jonathan..."

"I'll stay out of your way Nance...er...Nancy..." Jonathan jumped in. He hoped that was what she wanted to hear. He wasn't very good at reading most people, but he thought he had Nancy mostly down. *Mostly.*

"No, Jonathan, let's not make this miserable," Nancy said, "We're going to be friends, at least for this week. And I was going to ask you, as a friend, who you think I should invite..." Jonathan looked at her a few moments, and then one name popped out of his mouth.

"Steve," Jonathan said, then looked down in shock and confusion. *Steve? Why Steve? Real smooth, why not let Nance have 2 ex-boyfriends on the trip instead of one?* Nancy looked confused at first, then her shock turned to amusement.

"Very funny. You know I've been talking to Steve more recently, especially since he's planning on doing a semester at IU..." Nancy sighed, "At least, he going to try one...Bloomington isn't far from Lake Monroe..." Jonathan's eyes grew wide as Nancy started seriously pondering the idea. *Seriously pondering it.*

"Well...maybe it's not such a good idea..." Jonathan jumped in, "He is busy now...getting ready for college, and...his babysitting service..."

"He could take care of Will and Mike too while we're there! My parents would almost pay him to go...That's a good point..." Nancy said. Jonathan just barely stopped himself from facepalming. *Was he trying to torpedo his chances with Nancy?*

"Are you sure you don't want to invite one of your friends who's a girl? Like Ally or Stacy? I can spend time with the boys if...if..."

"Jonathan, Ally calls you the ugly duckling of Hawkins. You don't want to know what Stacy calls you. Taking them on the trip with you is not going to be fun. But Steve...you did suggest him..." Nancy said. Jonathan dropped his gaze and sighed. *I know...and I'm already*

*regretting it.* But part of Jonathan wasn't. Part of Jonathan was actually getting excited about the prospect of being with Steve, hanging out with him...seeing him without clothes...

"I...uh...I suppose...with Will still connected to the Upside Down... Steve's bat might be useful too..." Jonathan murmured, then nearly smacked himself again. He felt like he was fighting a civil war in himself, one side trying to be alone with Nancy, another trying to make sure Steve came.

"Just don't be too rough with him..." Nancy said, handing Jonathan the last plate, "Last time you got in an argument...Steve ended up in pretty bad shape..."

"Yeah...he's really better at fighting otherworldly monsters than other teenagers..." Jonathan said. Nancy laughed at that. A real laugh. Jonathan wanted to grab her and plant a kiss on those sweet smiling lips. But as he moved toward her, ever so slightly, she turned to him and took off her gloves.

"You should probably round up your brother and get home. We're leaving in a few days, and I can't imagine what packing is like with you Byers..." Nancy said, walking past him and brushing her arm into his. Jonathan blushed, but said nothing as she left. *Steve, Nancy, and him. Back together again...in a cabin in the woods.*

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"Wow..." Jonathan said, getting out of the car with his mother and brother and taking in his surroundings. In front of the, down a small hill was the spacious home, one story, but stretching out wide against lake. The home was made of a mix of thick dark wood and grey stone and had, on both forest on both sides. The trees were thickest to the left of the cabin, while to the right there was a small bit of open field before he saw more woods. The nearest home Jonathan could see was across the shimmering blue water.

"Look a boat and everything...I think this will be good for us, Jonathan..." his mother said. Jonathan sighed and nodded, then his brother ran out to where Mike was and started yelling.

"We can go exploring!" Will said, running to the water's edge, "We

can see the whole lake, and everything in it..."

"Not without some supervision..." their mother called, looking at Jonathan, who pursed his lips, then nodded.

"I'll be sure to take care of them...but first..." Jonathan ruffled through his bag and took out his camera and started taking pictures of the area. Jonathan tried to get several angles and some good wide shots, but he was interrupted by the feeling of Steve's hand on his arm.

"Look at this!" Steve said, taking in the scene. He adjusted his sunglasses, and then looked up at the clear, sunny day accompanying their visit, "The house, the forest, the water...I bet you're getting some great pictures Byers..."

"It's smaller than I remember..." Nancy said, getting out of the other side and going to where Jonathan was standing with his hands in his pockets.

"We'll still have room in the house though...I think..." Jonathan surmised, taking a few pictures of the house.

"This place is so nice...it's almost...romantic..." Steve said, smiling.

"Alright, boys, how about you help an old man out?" Mr. Wheeler groaned, pulling a large suitcase toward the door.

"Yes, Mr. Wheeler..." Steve and Jonathan said at once, then both helped drag the suitcases inside. They took the bags in to see a large, sunny and cozy main room, which ended with a big window looking out at the lake. To his right was a sizable attached kitchen and two hallways that jutted from either side of the back of the main room. Mike hurried past the two struggling boys, down the hallway to Jonathan's left. Once Steve and he had the bags in the master, Jonathan moved to follow Mike and found two bedrooms opposite each other. Both were dainty, with a mix of flower, fish, and aquatic decorations, and each had large queen size bed in its center. Jonathan looked in each room a moment, then went back to the main room, where Mr. Wheeler was pointing out how the rooms would be laid out.

"Alright, so, Joyce, down that hallway are three rooms. Karen, Holly and I will be in the master, but you take whichever room of the suite you'd like. Nancy, you'll be in the other room..." He turned to Mike and Will, who were murmuring to each other, then pointed to where Lucas was standing in front of his hallway, "That wing is for the boys, Mike, Will, Lucas that's you three's room...Steve, Jonathan, you'll take the room opposite them..." Jonathan turned to Steve slowly and stared at him. Steve eyed him for a moment then shrugged.

"You boys ok with your arrangements? I know you're both here as Nancy's friends and that you're teenagers, but I don't want any fornicating in this house..." Mr. Wheeler said.

"Ted, for the love of God..." Mrs. Wheeler said.

"We, ahem, understand, Mr. Wheeler..." Steve said.

"Yes, we do..." Jonathan confirmed. Mr. Wheeler nodded at them, then looked at Mrs. Wheeler.

"You see, they respond better than our own children. I hope Mike grows up to be have a genial and respectful as you two..."

"Thank you, Mr. Wheeler," Steve said, then started toward his room. Jonathan nodded slightly, then kept his head down as he followed Steve. As they stepped into the room, both stood and waited in front of the bed, unmoving for a few moments. Then, Jonathan put his bag very gently to one side of the bed, then picked it up again as Steve looked at him.

"It's...it's only..."

"I see that there's only one bed. Pick a side..." Steve muttered. Jonathan put his bag back down to the right side, and then looked at Steve, who sighed and took the left. Jonathan paused suddenly, was about to open his mouth and apologize, then shut it again. Nancy had always preferred the right side, he should have taken the left. When they spooned, it was usually left to right, and now, he'd be on the receiving of Steve's...*No! I'm not thinking about that!* Jonathan forced his eyes closed, then opened them again and looked at Steve.

"Well, do you like the room?" Jonathan asked, trying to make conversation. *So stupid...what a stupid question...what am I trying to do?*

"It's alright...a bit small, especially for two guys our age...but we'll make it work..." Steve murmured, then looked at a framed hand-drawn map of the lake, "This is a real pretty place. I think we can enjoy it...if..."

"If we can get over our past..." Jonathan muttered, putting his camera down by his beside gently. Better not to remind Steve of their first interactions with a camera. Steve turned to him, then nodded.

"If we can get over our past...our breakups and the evil shadow monsters...." Steve looked back to the window and at the lake stretching out beyond the home and sighed, "How's your brother?"

"He's mostly recovered. Sometimes he still has moments, looking into the Vale. I think he may have had one on the ride over..."

"You think there will be trouble?" Steve turned back to him and put his hands in his pockets.

"Well, according to the scientists and Hopper, as long as the gate's closed...nothing more can break into our world from the Vale. Not without some outside help..."

"Excuse me if I don't trust those government hacks..." Steve muttered, then looked Jonathan over, "Byers...you been working out?" Jonathan hesitated for a few moments, then Steve moved to him and gripped his arm.

"Look at this muscle...damn...I need some tips for arms like that..." *Carrying a heavy video camera...along with a lot of masturbation.* Jonathan thought, then cleared his throat.

"I'm trying to get stronger, to help protect my brother and my mom..."

"Well it's working. You look stronger. And more protective..." Steve went over to his bag and pulled out his messily folded clothes, "Between the two of us...maybe this trip won't turn into another

horrible nightmare..."

"Maybe it will just be a total mess..." Jonathan murmured as he started unpacking much more organized things.

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"Alright! Have a good time!" Jonathan said, waving at the boat as it glided away from the pier. It was a beautiful summer day, a little more than eight months from the Mind Flayer invasion and all the chaos that came with it. Jonathan sighed as he looked back at the quant and cozy Wheeler cousin lakehouse, then to Nancy and Steve, whom he was going to be left alone with that day. They were standing behind Jonathan, waving at those riding on the boat as well. Jonathan could see Lucas, Mike and Will were in swim trunks, and waving back at the three, while Mr. Wheeler was at the boat wheel pulled the vessel away slowly. Mrs. Wheeler, Jonathan's mother and Nancy's little sister Holly were visiting one of their mutual friends nearby for the day, and the house was left to those three. Jonathan looked back to Steve and Nancy, and tried to swallow his anxiety. Nancy was so pretty in her summer dress that stretched down to her ankles, and her dress flapped gently in the wind. Jonathan also noted that Steve looked pretty good himself that day, the wind blowing his perfect hair gently, and his sunglasses made him look like the hero who had once fought monsters from another dimension alongside Jonathan and Nancy. Jonathan felt himself bite his lip as he looked over Nancy, but he also felt his eyes drawn to Steve. A true man. Nancy was so gorgeous, and Steve was so handsome...

"And, the munchkins are gone..." Steve muttered, crossing his arms, "So, what should we do now?" *Kiss...* was the first thought that popped into Jonathan's head as he looked at Steve's lips, though he nearly freaked out over the idea. *Kissing? Kissing who? Steve? Steve was a boy! Why would he ever want...*

"Let's not go exploring..." Nancy muttered, "Our siblings make us do too much of that. How about some games and a movie?"

"Sounds good to me..." Steve said, smiling, then started back from the dock. Nancy followed him, then turned back to Jonathan, who was watching Will fade on the boat in the distance



"Are you coming?"

"Yeah...yeah..." Jonathan said, coming up on Nancy and going into the home. They found a couple horror movies, several bad comedies, a few dramas, and a sci-fi movie.

"So...which will it be? *Trading Places* or *The Thing*..." Steve muttered, "Because I'm not watching *Star Crash*, or any of these others..."

"*The Thing*...and I found *Monopoly*..." Nancy said, putting the game on the dining room table, "Along with something to make it more interesting..." She put a bottle of rum on the table as well, and Steve let up a cheer as he went and grabbed some glasses.

They played, watched, and drank for a while, but soon, the rum was empty, and the movie was drawing them in more than the game, and at several moments, a partially drunken Nancy turned her head in horror at a couple moments of assimilation and reached out for Steve next to her. *Steve, was he...did Nancy want...* Jonathan ground his teeth at the thought brooding in his head then nearly fell out of his chair in terror as the *Thing* clamped down on the arms of a poor doctor.

"Ah! No!" Nancy yelled, hiding her face. Jonathan started to pant as he watched the "Thing" transform its human host into a monstrous shape, though the creature was burned alive by the fearless hero.

"Alright, uh, may...maybe horror...isn't such a good idea anymore..." Steve said, shakily. He got up and turned the TV off, sighing as the show stopped.

"You're right..." Nancy said, throwing back her drink, then clearing off the Monopoly board and looking outside, where the sun was still high in the sky, "Why don't we go outside for a bit. Sit by the lake, maybe put our feet in before we lose the day..."

"Good idea..." Steve agreed, going into Jonathan and his room. Jonathan followed him, and going to change from his jeans, but as he opened the door, he saw Steve naked, putting on a pair of trunks.

"Steve...I...sorry..." Jonathan said, trying to avert his eyes. He could

not overcome his curiosity, however, and his attention was drawn to Steve's manhood, long and dangling as he stepped out of his boxers.

"What are you sorry about?" Steve murmured, turning around and grabbing his trunks. He pulled them on in such a way that Jonathan got a full view of Steve's backside as well, "We're both guys here..." Steve said, going past Jonathan and giving him a pat on his back. Jonathan watched him leave, then sighed. It was there, even if he didn't want to admit it. A quiet, tingling desire that made Jonathan tap his hands against his jeans, then imagine Steve's nakedness again. When Jonathan had broken up with Nancy, he'd went to Steve, and let out his heart. Told him how horrible it was, how hopeless his life might become, and Steve had listened. Even let Jonathan cry on him. Steve, the same guy who had busted his camera and called him a creep, was the most comforting soul when he'd had in his breakup, even more than Will, who just couldn't understand the same way. But there was more with how Jonathan looked at Steve. There had always been more.

Jonathan swallowed back the desire as best he could, then shut the door and changed quickly to his own trunks. By the time he got back out, Steve was pulling out a six pack of beer from the fridge, and Nancy was laying out towels outside. Jonathan took one of Steve's beers, then went out to a rock, and put his feet into the lake. Nancy put her feet in near him, and Steve got between the two and handed Nancy a beer.

"You feeling the drink Byers?" Steve asked. Jonathan shrugged.

"I'm good..."

"Well, I'm not..." Steve grumbled, then opened the beer, "I'm starting to see double and this water feels weird on my feet..." Jonathan looked down and then noticed that Steve was right. The water was strange twirling around his feet. And he began to lean forward too far as he stared at the water. Nancy had to throw out a hand to stop him from falling in.

"Maybe...maybe this should be our last one..." Nancy said, trying to stifle a burp. She nearly jumped out of her skin as a fish slid past the green water around her feet.

"Watch out Nance...the "Thing" can impersonate creatures perfectly. Including fish!" Steve said, grabbing her arms. He got a punch in the neck for this, which Jonathan inexplicably found hilarious.

"Shut up Steve!" Nancy ordered, then laid back and turned her head to Jonathan. The alcohol was making her smile wider and her face even more attractive. Jonathan looked at her, her bright smile and warm face, and felt horrible regret. She had used to look at him like that all the time, for the short time that they were together. And he had messed it up. Steve and her had broken up over him last year. She had broken up with Jonathan earlier this year. Because she couldn't give herself completely to him. And now, they were all here. Nancy smiled at him a while longer, then held out a hand to Jonathan.

"You got your camera?"

"Yeah..." Jonathan said, getting up and going to the house. He returned quickly, and held up the camera to get a perfect shot of Steve. *Steve? I'm suppose to be taking a picture of Nancy!*

"You got my good side, Byers?" Steve asked. He, then put his hand around Nancy and Jonathan took them both together.

"Alright, let me see it..." Nancy said, taking the camera roughly from Jonathan, "And hold still you two..." she took a picture of both of them, standing awkwardly close to one another. Steve eyed Jonathan, then pulled him down back toward the water and got close to him.

"Let's get her a better picture..." Steve said. Nancy took another, then another. She smiled at Steve, put down the camera, and sat down in front of them.

"I wish there was a way to take all of us, without having someone else..." Nancy said. Then, started tracing her finger up Steve's shoulder. Perhaps it was playful, perhaps it was involuntary, perhaps it was the drink, but it caused Jonathan to summon the dark thought he'd had before. The same dark thought he'd tried to deny, or ignore, or explain away. But, Jonathan had been drinking, and as he took another swig of his beer, it was enough to give him the burst of courage he needed.

"Nance...I have to ask you something..." Jonathan started, trying his best to stay dedicated. He took another swig, then looked at Steve, whose quizzically look actually gave him even more courage.

"What?" Nancy's smile faded, and Steve leaned toward Jonathan. Much too close.

"Yeah, Byers, why the serious tone?"

"Nancy...did...did you break up with me for Steve?" Jonathan asked. Nancy's eyes grew wide, then she bit her lip. The way she did when she didn't want to answer.

"Wha...Byers...what kind of question is that?" Steve asked, showing disbelief, and glancing between the two. He took a swig of his own beer, then pointed it at Jonathan. Nancy tried to look away, but Jonathan pulled himself from the water and decided he was going to see it through.

"Nancy...did you leave me..."

"Jonathan..." Nancy turned back to him, biting her lip even harder, "I...I...can't..."

"Just say it..." Jonathan said, feeling himself slipping back into his shell. His quiet, dark place where he said little and interacted with few people outside of Will, "It's okay..."

"I...yes...I still...I..." Nancy struggled, then she turned to Steve, who looked down at her with the angriest glare Jonathan had ever seen from him.

"What? Nance! Did you just say yes?"

"I...Steve..."

"No, no, Nancy, you don't get to do that!" Steve grunted, turning to Jonathan, "So what? You leave me for Byers, crush me, destroy me, and leave me to pick myself up...then you do the same damn thing to Byers for me?" Steve yelled, then leaned over to Byers and put a hand on his shoulder.

"I'm sorry you ever had to be with that b\*tch...but now we see what she really thinks of us...play things..." Steve grunted, glancing back at her, then stood up in a wobblily lurch, then stomped back toward the house. Nancy stood, then looked at Jonathan, who quickly grabbed his camera and walked back into the home too. He wasn't two steps into the door before Nancy followed them in, trying to explain herself.

"Steve, Jonathan, wait. I know that it's confusing. It's confusing for me too, but I...I can't give you both what you..."

"So what? We both lose?" Steve grunted from his room, where he was clearly changing back into his pants. Jonathan started toward him, grabbing his shirt sitting on the back of a dining chair to put on but Nancy grabbed his arm and stopped him.

"Listen to me, Jonathan...I couldn't be with you, not completely, without thinking about Steve. And it was the same when I was with him..." Nancy said, "I...I don't know what's wrong with me...but I...I want..."

"Make a choice Nancy! Because I...I don't know if I want to share..." Steve started, leaning out of his room and signaling to Jonathan. Jonathan looked down a few seconds then looked at Nancy.

"I don't mind sharing..."

"I...what?" Nancy's eyes grew wide again, then looked from Jonathan to Steve.

"I don't mind Nance. I love you. If you need Steve sometimes...I understand..."

"Well...I don't know if I'm feeling so generous..." Steve started, trying to speak through his anger. He burst from their room and stomped toward Nancy with only jeans and socks on, "Do you love us Nancy? Because I loved you. And it sounds like Byers still does. So say it. Say you love me or him or us both!" Steve roared. Nancy drew back, then, Jonathan heard it. Something that started like a gentle knocking, but it soon became a banging near the window. The three teenagers turned to the window slowly, and saw that the light was starting to

fade, and that something was trying to get in through the window. Nancy jumped for a hunting rifle set in one of the drawers and Steve rushed to his room and returned with his bat. Jonathan dropped his shirt and remained frozen in terror, hoping the others would be able to handle it, whatever it was. A Demogorgon? Some part of the mind flayers tools? *The Thing*?

"Nancy, stay back..." Steve ordered, holding up his bat. Nancy put the rifle's barrel over one of the boy's shoulders and grimaced.

"Don't move to fast, Steve..."

"What should I..." Jonathan asked.

"Stay still!" Steve and Nancy yelled at once. Then, the window creaked open slowly. The tension was so high and horrible, Jonathan thought he might puke just from fear. Then, a small black hand reached through the opening.

"What is it?" Steve asked. Then, Nancy dropped her rifle and sighed.

"Look guys..." the black hand was followed by grey fur, and a racoon's head poked through the opening. Steve dropped his bat and Jonathan let out a deep breath. The creature looked at the three teenagers, then made a small purring noise. Steve looked it over, then frowned darkly.

"A racoon...a f\*\*\*\*\* racoon..." Steve muttered, then moved over casually to the creature, talking to it like it was his old friend, "You know, buddy...you scared me, and the others...bad...And I'd never hurt Nancy...or Byers..." Steve looked at the two, then turned back to the creature, "But I'm real mad right now. And you...you're a perfect target to take my rage out on!" Steve rushed at the racoon and barely missed in what was a drunken swing. The racoon turned to the woods, but Steve was out the door in a heartbeat, chasing the creature. Nancy and Jonathan raced after him, calling for him. Unfortunately, they were all drunk.

"Steve! Wait! Hold on!" Jonathan yelled, panting heavily and tripping over more thickets and roots than he should have been. He was doing better than Nancy, who totally faceplanted on a small bit of brush,

and was far behind him by the time Jonathan found Steve with his bat stuck in a tree from a poorly aimed swing. Steve was trying to pry it loose, and cursing out the rodent when Jonathan rushed him, knocking him to the ground and trying to hold him still. In the struggle, Steve ended up on top of Jonathan, and had his hands pressed into Jonathan's. In fact, his fingers interlocked with Jonathan's. Both boys looked at each other, then at their hands before Jonathan jerked himself free and got back on top of Steve. Now, he was holding Steve by the wrist with his left hand. But their right hands were still interlocked.

"I...Steve! Calm down!"

"That sh\*tty little vermin has to die, Byers!" Steve roared.

"It didn't do anything to you, Steve!" Jonathan yelled, then turned to see Nancy approaching. The girl was crying and panting.

"This is all my fault...because I...I can't...I love you both..." Steve eyed her, then looked back at Jonathan and his hand. Then his crotch. Jonathan followed his gaze down to see that despite his drinks, somewhere in the process of tackling, holding down and being on top of Steve, he had become hard, and it was pressing through his swim trunks.

"Byers...sh\*t, you...damn. I guess I'm not surprised..."

"St...Steve, I...it's not..." Jonathan struggled. Steve wriggled him from under Jonathan, then went to Nancy.

"Well, Nance...you may not have to choose..."

"Wha...why? What do you mean?" Steve turned around and moved to Jonathan. The last time he'd looked at Jonathan like that was when Nancy and Jonathan had broken up, and Jonathan had told him about it. With all the tears, and complaints and a lot of alcohol. But Steve had a glint of something else in his eyes. And Jonathan's breath began to shallow as Steve moved closer to him.

"Tell me to stop..." Steve ordered as he got close to Jonathan. Then, Steve's hand gripped Jonathan's lower back. Jonathan started to

move back, but something was pulling him...pulling him closer to Steve. Was it the alcohol? Or that desire that had always been there...

"Do it...tell me to stop..." Steve said, leaning in to Jonathan's face. Jonathan tried to breath, tried to move, tried to react, but felt like his whole body was frozen. Then, it seemed like he was watching himself, watching a movie as Steve's lips met his. His eyes fluttered closed for a few seconds, then they burst open and he looked at Nancy, who was just as shocked as he was.

"I...you...you two..."

"Well, Nancy..." Steve said, letting his hand slip to grab Jonathan's waist, "Is this what you want?" Steve said. He slipped his other hand around Jonathan's face, and was about to pull him in again, but Nancy's hand grabbed Steve's arm, then her other grabbed Jonathan's shoulder.

"Yes...it is...more than you know..." Nancy said, leaning forward and pressing her face into Jonathan's, then letting go and kissing Steve. Soon, the three of them were kissing touching and groping each other as they struggled to return to the cabin. The sun was just starting to set, and they had just enough time before the boys and Mr. Wheeler returned.

"Come on..." Steve said, gripping Jonathan's wrist and pulling Nancy with his other as they finally got back to the home. They crashed into two walls, a bookcase and a drawer in their aggressive three-way kissing and touching, and it wasn't long before they ended up at the door of Steve and Jonathan's bedroom. Jonathan stopped himself and looked at the bed. The same bed Steve and he had already shared two nights. Now, they would both get their wish, to bring Nancy into that bed with them.

"Hold still..." Steve said to Jonathan. He looked down to see Steve was on his knees, starting to undo the rope on Jonathan's trunks. Nancy, meanwhile, pushed the door closed as Jonathan's trunks were undone, then, rather brashly, Steve pulled them down, completely revealing Jonathan to the others. *I'm the naked one? I'm the exposed one?* Jonathan swallowed hard as Steve started to kiss his thighs,



while Nancy started to run her fingers up his other leg.

"This is it...I'm about to have sex with two people...the two people, I always..." Jonathan murmured, trailing off. Nancy paused a moment, then continued tracing his outline.

"How long Steve..." Nancy asked almost lazily as her fingers found her way to Jonathan's business. Steve stopped his kisses to look at her, an eyebrow raised.

"How long what?"

"How long have you liked him...?" Jonathan looked down at the boy, who smiled widely, and opened his mouth wide, just below Jonathan's member.

"Since the camera incident. Since he kicked my \*ss..." Steve said, then took almost all of Jonathan into his mouth. Jonathan could only groan as Steve's lips surrounded and slipped up and down him. Nancy watched for a few seconds, probably trying to register what was happening, then looked up at Jonathan.

"And you?"

"I...I just..." Jonathan started, then moaned in pleasure. He was having a hard time thinking about anything but Steve's mouth around his d\*ck.

"Jonathan..." Nancy started, standing up and starting to undo her swimsuit's top strap, "I'm not dumb. This just wouldn't happen. How long have you been...thinking about..." Nancy looked down, then let her finger explore around Steve's hair. Jonathan bit his finger, fighting back another moan.

"First time...I saw him..." Jonathan admitted. He hadn't even been totally aware of that before this moment, but now, it was painfully obvious. He'd been hoping this would happen for a long time. Steve smiled at Jonathan's comment, then slipped his mouth back around Jonathan's part and made his smooth motions up and down Jonathan's member. It wasn't perfect...Nancy was defiantly better at it. But Steve Harrington was actually sucking him off! *King Steve*

*Harrington!*

"Enough Steve..." Nancy said, dropping back to her knees, "We have to share..."

"I told you..." Steve said, slipping free from Jonathan and pulling Nancy close, "I don't want to share..."

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Why hadn't Jonathan asked for this sooner? He was intertwined on the bed with Nancy and Steve, their naked bodies pressed into one another. Steve was in the middle, but Jonathan only had to crane his neck to meet Nancy's lips, and was gently exploring Steve's neck and back with his kisses. Steve, meanwhile, was clearly interested in their sexes, as he had one hand exploring the space between Nancy's legs and the other moving up and down Jonathan's shaft.

"This is...real..." Jonathan whispered, his hand fumbling for Steve's member. Steve smiled back at him, then put a hand on Jonathan's chest, pushing him back.

"Yeah, it is..." Steve adjusted himself to be on top of Jonathan, and gave a wicked smile, "Nancy, in my bag...there are two condoms..."

"Wha...Steve!" Nancy said, stunned. Steve looked at her and bounced his eyebrows.

"I always make sure I'm ready Nancy...besides...they tell us fags, like Byers and me here, that we got to wear these things or die from some horrible disease, like those people in the *Thing*...plus...if we both had sex with you, and you had a little one...who'd know who the father was?" Steve let out a laugh. Jonathan saw Nancy smile, then she rolled off the bed and start for Steve's bag.

"Steve...I uh..." Jonathan swallowed hard as Nancy dug around Steve's bag grumbling and drew two small, thin aluminum squares.

"You know what to do with this?" Steve asked, taking one and opening it with his teeth. Jonathan stared at him, then looked at Nancy.

"Well, Nance and me, we...didn't..." Jonathan started, then Steve

gave him a hard look.

"What? You just went at Nancy, nothing on? You could have put a kid in her, you know that dummy?"

"He...didn't...he finished...on my..." Nancy signaled to her lower regions, which made Steve grin.

"Hah...Byers...of course he did," Steve opened the condom, but Jonathan grabbed Steve's wrist.

"Wait, Steve...I...I don't know if I want...If I'm ready for your...in me..." Jonathan struggled out. He'd thought about it. Especially in the late nights, when his mind wondered and horrible thoughts he was afraid of got into his head. And he didn't even know exactly what to do, with a guy or girl, much less both together. He hadn't done a lot of...well...

Steve raised an eyebrow as he looked at the part-curious, part-terrified Jonathan, then just laughed and leaned forward.

"Oh, Byers...I think you'll be ready for this..." Steve leaned back, and put the condom on Jonathan.

"Wha...Steve?"

"When you had me on the ground, when we fought that Demogorgon together...I knew I liked some boys, or at least you Byers. And...well...I got a cousin who's a fag sometimes too...and...he told me how to practice ..." Steve said, then slowly came down onto Jonathan, then arched his back and moaned loudly. Jonathan felt frozen, stiff as a board as Steve went up and down him. Both boys groaned then, though Jonathan felt his was ten times louder than Steve. He looked Steve over, the boy, sitting on his member, then turned his head to Nancy, who didn't look like she could handle too many more surprises. But she was really biting her lip, and she started to trace her fingers along Jonathan's chest until her hand reached Steve.

"This...Steve..." Jonathan began to pant as Steve moved up and down Jonathan. Steve was groaning, probably too loudly, and Jonathan

reached up for him to try and quiet him, but his hands seemed to move on their own, and began to trace along Steve's figure, and explore his body. And soon, he was nearly yelling himself.

"St...Steve!" Jonathan roared.

"Byers..." Steve uttered, much quieter, then threw his head back and moaned, "Damn..."

"Steve...Jonathan..." Nancy muttered, then her mouth was around Steve as he was on Jonathan. It was unreal, beyond exciting, and Jonathan expected to wake up from this sick dream any second. But, instead, what happened was an organism, as Jonathan cried out and Steve slowed down on Jonathan's shaft.

"There..." Steve said, "That wasn't so bad...actually...that was..."

"Just the start..." Nancy said, pulling Steve off Jonathan and pushing him onto his back. She took out the second condom, opened it and put it on Steve and was soon sliding up and down him as Jonathan watched.

"Byers...you're not gonna help..." Steve asked, running a hand through Jonathan's hair, then letting out a loud groan. Jonathan, sat up, and kissed Nancy for a while, then felt his hand slip to her crotch. He stroked her around the area until she grabbed his hand and put his fingers at a particular spot. A spot Jonathan certainly couldn't have found on his own.

"Here..." Nancy said, then sighed and gasped as Steve thrust and Jonathan stroked. Nancy began to breath heavily, in a way she had only ever once for Jonathan, then grabbed Steve's shoulder with one hand and Jonathan's with another and screamed. Straight screamed. Jonathan drew back, and Nancy turned red from embarrassment, but Steve—the ever smooth Steve—leaned forward and gave her a wide, devilish smile.

"Best you've ever had, huh?" Steve said, giving her a playful slap on the buttock, then leaned over and slapped Jonathan's backside too, "Best any of us ever had! Even if it was only about 15 minutes..."

"Oh my god...what if...someone heard..." Nancy murmured, still red as a tomato. Jonathan swallowed and shook his head.

"The boat isn't back yet. And we're in a cabin surrounded by woods on both sides..."

"I suppose..." Nancy said, turning slightly paler. She looked at Steve, who seemed awfully smug.

"Steve...did you..."

"I let out a long sigh while you were crying out. That's all I needed..." Steve said, putting his hands behind his head, "But you and Byers are something. All that yelling and grunting. You two need to learn how to do this a little quieter...for the next time when we're not in the middle of nowhere..." Nancy slapped him playfully in the chest, then slipped off of him and squeezed between the two boys.

"Oh...Steve...can we do this again? Can we...make this work...?"

"I'm...willing to share..." Jonathan said again, wrapping an arm around Nancy, and reaching his other hand for Steve. Steve let the boys' fingers go through his slick, beautiful hair. Nancy smiled at Jonathan, then turned to Steve.

"I am too...but...can you?" Nancy asked. Steve smiled at her, then leaned down and planted a kiss on her lips.

"I'll make an exception, just this once..." Steve said, then frowned, "But...let's agree...we've got to keep this a secret..."

"Oh yeah," Nancy said, "If Ally, or Lucy...or Jocey heard..."

"Or Billy or Tommy, or any of the basketball team..." Steve muttered.

"Or Will or Mike or any of their group..." Jonathan offered.

"So, this is our secret..." Steve said, turning on his front and looking up and down Jonathan and Nancy, "The best secret I've ever kept..."

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Thanks for reading! Please leave any comments or suggestions, and if

you want more: the build-up, the fallout, Lucas' catching wind of the teens, and the story of Strange Things in a Cabin in the Woods, check out my full story!